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Awful Words

👁 170   ✔ 7   ⭐ 14

Chapter 1 by PyromaniacSoap

Of all people, why me?

Max shoved his earbuds further into his ears, listening to the beating of the drums and the riffs of the guitar. He just wanted to be alone, but he also wanted to be with people, to be comforted. Cancer. That awful word had made what little of his life he had miserable.

Cancer, why me?

The doctors had told him that he only had about a year to live. What the heck was he going to do? His life was literally ending and he was only eighteen! He didn't know what to do with himself.

Chapter 2 by Mrs. Draco Malfoy ✎

Across the isle, she saw him.

Max.

Of all the people to walk into her life, it had to be him. The one boy who could make her frozen heart melt. Sabrina watched him across the bus, hoping he would look her way, but he never did. Her heart sank. 'I guess I'll never have his heart the way he has mine.'

She was broken.

Broken

Maybe it would be better if she weren't here

He was going to end his misery, and no one would even care to stop him. His parents were far away, across the globe, working their butts off. They do not even care for their only son. It was like they did not even care, and that his very existence was a mistake. But they never cared for him from the start, why start now?

He closed his eyes, and started walking across the charred road.

This is it, he told himself.

Above his loud music, he heard a horn bellowing. It was getting closer and closer.

He opened his eyes. He saw a ball of sky blue barrelling towards him.

In a flurry, he was thrown onto the ground. Something blue landed above him. He tried to focus his blurry eyes.

It was the girl who lived next door, Sabrina.

Someone cared after all!

Chapter 4 by Vanilla   ✎

"Have you lost it?" Sabrina screamed into my ears when she pushed me away.
The car zoomed past us.
I was feeling dizzy.
I focused on the face in front of me. Fair. Freckled. Black Eyes.
I knew Sabrina. I had a crush on her since forever. But courting a girl became the last thing on my mind when I learnt of my disease.
In fact, I wondered if it was right...
I didn't think she cared for me.

She was staring at me intently, with anger and concern radiating from her eyes, when I realized she. Did. Care.

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"I am done living this life. I am tired of a life where I am scared to see if I can wake up in the morning. The life of where everyone avoids me that way I don't see their sympathy. I'm done."

I looked up into her eyes, "I would never have thought that I would have to be the one to tell you this but, You will **never** be done, as long as I am with you."

Chapter 6 by [BLDE_79] LeMaironi- merry chrysler ✏️

"One word. Tell me after that one word if you still care."

"What word?" She was screaming over my earbuds, probably so that I could hear. I pulled them out, and turned off my phone so the music would stop. Then said the word.

"Cancer."

She froze for a moment.

"Cancer?"

"Cancer. Terminal. Got less than eleven months left to live."

"You will be cured. I will march through hell and high water to get you cured YOU WILL NOT DIE OF CANCER!" Her speech was getting louder and faster until she was screaming gibberish.

"I wasn't. I was going to die of impact, then you came along and prevented it. It's nice to know someone cares."

She stopped. "Now, let's get up before we end up on TMZ as a couple going at it on the sidewalk."
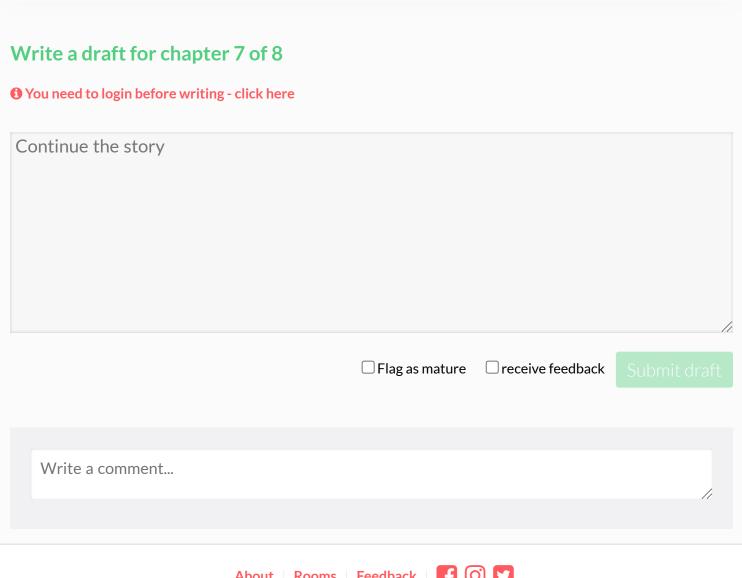
"Agreed."

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8

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